

*Emil.* That were a shame Sir,  
While I have horses: take your choice, and what  
You want at any time, let me but know it;  
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you  
You'll finde a loving Mistress.

*Arc.* If I doe not,  
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,  
Disgrace, and blowes.

*Thes.* Go leade the way; you have won it:  
It shall be so; you shall receive all dues  
Fit for the honour you have won; Twere wrong else,  
Sister, bestrew my heart, you have a Servant,  
That if I were a woman, would be Master,  
But you are wife.

*Emil.* I hope too wise for that Sir. *Florisb.* *Exeunt omnes.*

*Scena 6. Enter Taylors Daughter alone.*

*Daughter.* Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,  
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,  
And out I have brought him to a little wood  
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar  
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane  
Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe close,  
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet  
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love  
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father  
Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:  
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reason,  
Or wit, or safetie: I have made him know it  
I care not, I am desperate, If the law  
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; some wenches,  
Some honest harted Maides, will sing my Dirge.  
And tell to memory, my death was noble,  
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,  
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot  
Be sounmanly, as to leave me here,  
If he doe, Maides will not so easily  
Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me  
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,

*And*

And that (methinkes) is not so well; nor scarcely  
Could I perswade him to become a Freeman,  
He made such scruples of the wrong he did  
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope  
When he considers more, this love of mine  
Will take more root within him: Let him doe  
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,  
For use me so he shall, or ile proclaime him  
And to his face, no-man: Ile presently  
Provide him necessaries, and packe my cloathes up,  
And where there is a path of ground Ile venture  
So kee be with me; By him, like a shadow  
Ile ever dwell; within this houre the whoobub  
Will be all ore the prison: I am then  
Kissing the man they looke for: farewell Father;  
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,  
And shortly you may keepe your selfe. Now to him.

### *Actus Tertius.*

*Scena 1. Enter Arcite alone.*

*Arcite.* The Duke has lost Hypolita; each tooke  
A severall land. This is a solemne Right  
They owe bloomd May, and the Athenians pay it  
To'th heart of Ceremony: O Queene *Emilia*  
Fresher then May, sweeter  
Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all  
Th'en amell'd knackes o'th Meade, or garden, yea  
(We challenge too) the bancke of any Nymph  
That makes the streame seeme flowers; thou o Jewell  
O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace  
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination  
That I poore man might eftsoones come betweene  
And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance  
To drop on such a Mistress, expectation  
most gilltesse on't: tell me O Lady Fortune  
(Next after *Emely* my Sovereigne) how far

*Cornets in  
sundry places,  
Noise and  
hallowing as  
people a May-  
ing:*

*P 2*

*I*